WEEKLY VISITOR; OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.

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THESPIAN DEPARTMENT.

MISS MUDIE.

The following account of the celebrated actress, Miss Mudie, from a London paper of Nov. 10, will, we think, be acceptable to our readers.

WE have been favoured with the following correct account of the theatrical career of the young phenomenon, who has now become an object of such public notice. The young lady made her first *debut* on the boards of the Belfast theatre, on the eighteenth of May last, in the character of *Young Norval*, which character she performed for four nights successively, amidst innumerable plaudits, the house overflowing every night; the fourth being for her benefit, the whole pit was filled at box price, by which she cleared 114*l*.—She then renewed her engagement for four nights longer, and on the night of her second benefit, the whole house was filled at double price. During the time she was performing at Belfast, her *fame* having made a great noise in Dublin, she received the offer of an engagement from Mr. Jones, the manager of that theatre, to receive fifty pounds per night, for six nights, and the seventh to be for her benefit; or, as an additional inducement, a second letter was sent, to share the receipts of the house, after the manager taking eighty pounds each night for the expenses of the house. The last offer was accepted; and the young phenomenon made her appearance in the theatre-royal, Dublin, to a very full house, and was received with three distinct rounds of applause, after which, from her uncommon diminutive figure, much doubt was entertained as to the *possibility* of her ever being able to go through the character:—on her beginning to speak, the greatest attention prevailed, and no actress ever made an audience participate more in her own feelings; she changed them from passive spectators to active agents; and the *sophistication* was so rapid and complete, that its existence was not detected till *reflection* had succeeded to the *subservience* which the *domineering powers* of the infant phenomenon had laid them under!—The next night the lord lieutenant honoured the theatre with his presence, when she repeated the character (*Young Norval*); and on the third night appeared in the parts of *Miss Peggy*, in the *Country Girl*, and *Nell*, in the *Devil to Pay*, to a very crowded house—the boxes being filled with all the brilliance of Dublin.—She continued her engagement with the greatest success, and on the 7th night, being for her benefit, she repeated the character of *Miss Peggy*, with the part of *Roxalana*, in the farce of the *Sultan*; at an early hour the theatre was surrounded by an immense crowd: the receipts of the house amounted to 316*l*. 14*s*. During the time she was in Dublin, she received an offer of an engagement from Mr. M'Cready, the Birmingham manager, for a few nights, which was accepted, to share the house after the expenses, and the last night to be for her benefit. The applause bestowed upon her at the two last places was faithfully echoed by the Birmingham audience. She next received an offer from the Cheltenham managers (on the same terms); where she performed to the fashionable audience that frequent that place; and such was her attraction there, that the boxes were not only filled on the nights of her performance, but even on the morning during the rehearsal. While she was performing at Cheltenham, the Gloucester theatre was opened for one night only; and although the company, with some of the best performers of the age, have played in that town to 8*l*. the receipts on this night amounted to 42*l*. From hence she went to Buxton, where she performed with her usual success; and was offered a large sum if she would have recited and sung in private. She was next under an engagement to perform four nights at Nottingham, and three at Derby (where she now is). She then plays on the 15th at Liverpool, having made an engagement for that place while in Dublin; she then proceeds to London to prepare for her appearance at the theatre-royal Covent

Garden. We are told she is to receive 1000*l.* and a clear benefit, for performing fifteen nights. The phenomenon appears to be the only one who is pursuing, *passibus equis*, the radiant track of the *Young Roscius*.

PAULIN;

OR, THE

HAPPY EFFECTS OF VIRTUE.

In continuation.

ABOUT fifteen days after Madame Molard's death, an Englishman presented himself at the counter, and asked to speak with her—and was greatly surprised to hear that she was dead. I was struck with the visible alteration in his countenance on hearing this news; he stood apparently stupified, with all his faculties suspended. When come a little to himself, he asked to speak to the person who succeeded to the business. I told him that, until then, the house had remained under the direction of our first clerk, to whom I introduced him. Having left them in private, I returned to my occupations. The conversation of the head clerk and the Englishman lasted above half an hour; the latter quitted the house with symptoms of the heaviest grief. Naturally possessed of sensibility, I could not help feeling greatly concerned for this Englishman and his situation, although I knew him not; I felt a strong desire to know the cause of such deep affliction: it was not that simple curiosity which agitates most men, but the struggles of an affectionate heart, that strongly desires to relieve the sorrows of his fellow-creatures. Our first clerk shewed by his eyes, that his conversation with the Englishman had something painful in it. Henrietta, who was sitting behind the counter, observed, like myself, the surprise and grief the stranger manifested when he heard of the death of Madame Molard, and she was doubtless curious to know the motives of it. "M. Durant," said she to the head clerk, "your conversation with the Englishman who is just gone, appears to affect you much!"—"Yes, I am sorry for the distressing situation in which he finds himself: I know not how he will able to extricate himself; and it is certainly a very great misfortune for him that Madame Molard is dead."—"Why?"—"Had she been living, I do not doubt but the Englishman would have obtained the sum which he is so much in want of."—"She knew him then?"—"Most certainly; for he has given me proofs that his family was perfectly known to our mistress."—"The sum is large which he wants, without doubt?"—"It is, indeed; six thousand franks! and if he procures it not in twenty four hours, he must go to prison."—"But has he no other friend in the town?"—"He is not acquainted with any merchant personally; and none of those to whom he has addressed himself, although his family and name appear to be known, will run the risk of advancing this sum."—"Well, then, he must go to prison."—"To prison!" I exclaimed—"O, my dear Henrietta, can you pronounce the name of such a dwelling with indifference?"—"You would have me distress myself, M. Paulin, would you not, for this Englishman?"—"All who are in distress, Henrietta, have a claim to our pity."—"What can I do for him? I have not the sum he wants: and if I had, I would not lend it him."—"I can spare it," said the first clerk; "but, notwithstanding the good opinion I have of the Englishman, I do not feel disposed to assist him, because I want it for my own establishment."—"That is very reasonable," said Henrietta. "Come M. Paulin, let us forget the Englishman: it is supper time, and time to shut the warehouse."

The cruel situation of a stranger, at the mercy of events, in a town where he found himself abandoned to all the rigours of his fate, caused in me the most sorrowful reflections: I sat at table without power to eat. Henrietta, who perceived it, did not cease to rally me on what she called my foolish and ridiculous sensibility: but I must acknowledge her rallying tone, though it pierced my soul, only added to the interest I felt for the fate of the Englishman. I interrogated M. Durant on the nature of the circumstances which occsioned the distress of the man who inspired me with so violent a desire to see him escape from his threatened confinement.

"Captain Wilkes," said M. Durant, "who commanded a merchant vessel, returning from India, and dispatched before the declaration of war between France and England, was taken by a privater of this town: he protested against the validity of the capture. The admiralty declared her a fair and lawful prize. The ship's crew, however, were not declared prisoners of war. Captain Wilkes was obliged to send his crew home; but not having the necessary means, negociated with M. Broucke, merchant of this town, a draft of six thousand franks upon M. Waneck, of Ostend; this draft did not reach the person who was to pay the money at Ostend, until two hours after he was declared a bankrupt. The bill being returned, M. Broucke signified to Captain Wilkes, his wish to be repaid. The captain told him it was absolutely impossible, as he had disposed of the money to defray the expenses of his crew to England. M. Broucke insisted on being reimbursed; and all that the English captain could obtain, was a delay, which expires on Monday, the day after to-morrow. The poor captain has applied to many commercial houses in this town without success; and recollecting the name of Madame Molard, with whom some of his family were acquainted, he came here, thinking she would furnish him with the means of reimbursement, or might consent to give bail for him to his creditor."

"It must be acknowledged," replied I, "that M. Waneck's bankruptcy plunges this stranger into a very great embarrassment."—"You feel, M. Paulin, a great interest for this Englishman?"—"I feel for him, my dear Henrietta, the interest that a good heart always feels for those who suffer the reverses of fortune."—"By so doing, you will never want numberless causes of affliction: Are not you almost tempted, at all events, to go and offer him your services?"—"Do you not think, my dear Henrietta, that, if such was my intention, it would be infinitely praise-worthy?"—"For such conduct, you would deserve never to have a single farthing in your possession."—"Do not vex yourself," said M. Durant. "I know M. Paulin; he has an excellent heart; but he has too much prudence to hazard the fruit of ten years economy."—"If he was seriously capable of such an extravagance, I protest that he may consider our marriage as at an end."—"Can it be possible, Henrietta, that you would break your engagements with me for doing a laudable action?"—"A laudable action! a laudable action! Upon my word, I can scarce believe that you are in your right senses!"

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT OF A CURIOUS CUSTOM IN AMERICA, CALLED

ANNUAL WHITE-WASHINGS.

(Concluded from our last.)

I know a gentleman here, who is fond of accounting for every thing in a philosophical way. He considers this, which I have called a custom, as a real periodical disease, peculiar to the climate. His train of reasoning is ingenious and whimsical; but I am not at leisure to give you a detail. The result was, that he found the distemper to be incurable; but, after much study, he conceived he had discovered a method to divert the evil he could not subdue. For this purpose, he caused a small building, about twelve feet square, to be erected in his garden, and furnished with some ordinary chairs and tables, and a few prints of the cheapest sort were hung against the walls. His hope was, that when the white-washing frenzy seized the females of his family, they might repair to this apartment, and scrub, and scour, and smear to their heart's content—and so spend the violence of the disease in this out-post, whilst he enjoyed himself in quiet at head-quarters. But the experiment did not answer his expectation—it was impossible it should, since a principal part of the gratification consists in the lady's having an uncontrouled right to torment her husband at least once in a year, to turn him out of doors, and take the reins of government into her own hands.

There is a much better contrivance than this of the philosopher's, which is, to cover the walls of the house with paper: this is generally done; and though it cannot abolish, it at least shortens the period of female dominion. The paper is decorated with flowers of various fancies, and made so ornamental, that the women have *admitted the fashion, without perceiving the design.*

There is also another alleviation of the husband's distress. He generally has the privilege of a small room or closet for his books and papers, the key of which he is allowed to keep. This is considered as a privileged place, and stands like the land of Goshen amid the plagues of Egypt. But then he must be extremely cautious, and ever on his guard. For should he inadvertently go abroad, and leave the key in his door, the house-maid, who is always on the watch for such an opportunity, immediately enters in triumph with buckets, brooms, and brushes, takes possession of the premises, and forthwith puts all his books and papers *to rights*—to his utter confusion, and sometimes serious detriment. For instance—

A gentleman was sued by the executors of a tradesman, on a charge found against him in the deceased's books, to the amount of 30*l.* The defendant was strongly impressed with an idea that he had discharged the debt, and taken a receipt; but as the transaction was of long standing, he knew not where to find the discharge.—The suit went on in course, and the time approached when judgment would be obtained against him. He then sat seriously down, to examine a large bundle of old papers, which he had untied, and displayed for the purpose. In the midst of his search, he was suddenly called away on business of importance. He forgot to lock the door of his room. The house maid, who had been long looking out for such an opportunity immediately entered with the usual implements, and, with great alacrity, fell to cleaning the room, and *putting things to rights.* The first object that struck her eye was the confused situation of the papers on the table; these were, without delay, bundled together like so many dirty knives and forks; but in the action, a small piece of paper fell unnoticed on the floor, which happened to be the very receipt in question. As it had no very respectable appearance, it was soon after swept out with the common dirt of the room, and carried in a dirt-pan to the yard. The tradesman had neglected to enter the credit in his book; the defendant could find nothing to obviate the charge, and so judgment went against him for the debt and costs. A fortnight after the whole was settled, and the money paid, one of the children found the receipt amongst the dirt in the yard.

There is also another custom peculiar to the city of Philadelphia, and nearly allied to the former. I mean that of washing the pavement before the door, every Saturday evening. I at first took this to be a regulation of the police; but on further enquiry, find it is a religious rite, preparatory to the sabbath; and is I believe, the only religious rite in which the numerous sectaries of this city perfectly agree.

It must be acknowledged, that the ablutions I have mentioned, are attended with no small inconvenience; but the women would not be induced for any consideration to resign their privilege. Notwithstanding this, I can give you the strongest assurances, that the women of America make the most faithful wives, and the most attentive mothers in the world: and I am sure you will join me in opinion, that if a married man is made miserable only for one week in a whole year, he will have no great cause to complain of the matrimonial bond.

SELECT SENTENCES.

As the limbs acquire strength and firmness by exercise, the soul gains fortitude and resolution, from the necessity that compels it to act, and to endure.

If a man of a susceptible heart is not a good man, it is owing to mistake, for the soil is so well suited to the seeds of every virtue, that the harvest should never be despaired of.

AN IMITATION OF OSSIAN.

SHALL the harp, which, led by fancy, has sung the praise of numbers, be silent and dumb at the tomb of Friendship?——No, my Eliza, thy praise shall be sounded. Though I tremble with grief, yet the harp shall be strung.——Slow and solemn shall the harmony be, to suit the sad feelings of my soul:—for we were friends in the morning of our days, when the bright sunshine of prosperity illumined our paths, and pleasure smiled more gaily at our approach. Then the care of adversity was far from our dwelling, and the dark clouds of suspicion had not surrounded us.——Thou, my friend, wast lovely as the beams of the morning; bright as the noon; yet soft as the gentle twilight of the evening.——Alas! thou art fallen!—thou art laid low!—even in the loveliness of youth, thou art laid low—thou art descended to the darksome tomb!—thou abidest in the narrow house: keen blows the blast round thy dwelling, and damp falls the rain on thy bed; yet unheard is the howling wind of winter and unfelt the cold drops of heaven.——Thou art unconscious.——Gentle spirit! thou restest in peace!

HINTS TO THE LADIES.

IT has often been remarked that the generality of females have many admirers, and at the same time, few or no lovers; and they wonder at it: but the reason is obvious, if they thought—but thinking is become quite unfashionable. "Ah!" said a venerable virgin, lamenting the degeneracy of the age, "courting is nothing to what it was when I was young! The flirts now-a-days make the fellows so saucy, that there is hardly to be found a respectful lover."

The observation was just. The women of the last age were more respected, because they were more reserved. For want of a proper reserve, they are treated with indifference, which is nearly allied to contempt; they make themselves too cheap to keep up their consequence, without which, they can never be respectable.

To speak philosophically, a woman must repel before she can attract. All this advice must sound oddly to a female ear; but she who laughs at it, pays no compliment to her understanding.

Ovid, who knew human nature tolerably well, discovered not a little penetration when he made Daphne fly so fast from her laurelled lover, for his passion was increased by the pursuit.

Our modern Daphnes are quite another sort of people. Instead of flying from, they run into the arms of their Apollos, and are afterwards surprised that they grow cool to their charms.—Lovers are like sportsmen, to whom the possession of the game is nothing to the pleasures of the chase. If women would study less to please, they would give more pleasure. This is a paradox, which those for whom I throw out these reflections cannot comprehend, and until they can, they will never make their fortunes by their faces.—The roses of youth are not long in bloom; and when time has torn them away, there's an end of love at first sight; and on that they seem, by their manner of setting themselves off, chiefly to depend.

The modern fine ladies carry their heads well, I must own, and have fine sweeping tails; but when a man of sense would choose a wife, he expects other good qualities than those which might well recommend a horse!

To be stared at a few seasons, and neglected, and in a few more sink into oblivion, is the lot of a thousand showy girls, who have only external appearances to recommend them. Without prudence and discretion, even the most substantial ornaments, though they excite admiration, will never procure esteem.

Prudence is superior to pearls, and there is no kind of comparison between diamonds and discretion. Fools may be caught with the shell, but the man, worth having, will make the gem the object of his attention.

Philad. Rep.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

THERE is no one thing so important to a young man that is just entering on the stage of life, as the choice of company; every thing, in a great measure, depends upon that. The dashing rakes and dissipated fops may have their allurements; but, above all things, young men, beware of them. They entice but to ruin, and he who is weak enough to be led into their snares, may be sure to meet with nothing but disappointment, chagrin, the loss of health, and an empty purse. Therefore, it is of the greatest consequence to choose suitable companions to associate with.

Many imagine that they shall not be considered gentlemen without they swear roundly, drink down their bottle of wine, and smoke their dozen of segars at a sitting; but mistaken young men, beware how you indulge yourselves in such pernicious practices; for depend upon it, if you are led on thus by degrees into vice, your fame, fortune, and health, will pay dear for your folly. In *drunken revels*, and *noisy carousals*, you may make the moments of time appear to pass with swiftness, but recollect that every fleeting moment brings you nearer to that bourne from whence no traveller returns.

ADVICE.

IF I mistake not, it was Dean Swift who advised a set of *frolicsome* gentlemen, among their other exploits, to take a *frolic of being good*. Whether the *wits* were better for his advice, or how the *frolic* took, I am not able to ascertain.

Permit me to advise the *man of pleasure* of this day to mount his horse, and take one *virtuous frolic* round this town, enquire out some distressed family, pop in at unawares, take a view of misery, and leave a few dollars towards removing it. Would it not be agreeable to his character, as a *man of pleasure*, to see gratitude streaming from the eyes, and flowing from the heart of an unfortunate parent? to hear himself applauded as a messenger from heaven; admired as an angel, and his unusual generosity, bestowed in such a godlike manner, extolled to the clouds! which would actually be the case if he went *incog.* and left no traces of his name and character behind him. Persons in high life are often censured as uncharitable or hard-hearted, the reason of which is, not because they are destitute of humanity, but because they are not properly acquainted with distress; they do not experimentally know what it is to be miserable, and therefore a frolic of visiting the poor, which is an established custom, even for ladies of the first quality in Popish countries, might be of great use in relieving those deplorable objects whose exigencies call aloud for compassion; religion is so far from being inconsistent with gentility, that all the maxims of polite behaviour (excepting only those which are effects of a vitiated taste) are grounded upon it. It does not teach men to be unsociable, or to lead recluse and solitary lives; so that if the good man be upon the reserve, it is for the most part where he is afraid of seeming to countenance those principles and practices, which he has a mind to condemn; for his religion teaches him to be cheerful and complaisant, and fills up his most serious moments with exquisite satisfaction; and though in seasons of dissipation unthinking mortals may throw this advice aside, as impertinent, yet when the cool, the recollective, the silent, solitary hour returns, your fine gentlemen may possibly lament their illusion, and reflect upon their vicious frolics with terror and compunction.

The man possessed of constancy and fortitude of mind, is prepared for every event, armed in all fortunes, foreseeing without fear, enjoying without satiety, and suffering without impatience.

FEMALE HEROISM.

FROM SEGUR'S "INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY."

A WIDOW, in the prime of life, whose lover was imprisoned in one of the northern departments of France, no sooner heard of his confinement, than she hastened to solicit his enlargement, but ineffectually. She asked either to be allowed to see him, or to be confined in the same dungeon; but every solicitation she could urge was refused. She flew to the prison, the front of which faced the street, and there waited for the first opportunity which should offer to obtain a sight of him. On his presenting himself at one of the windows, it is not difficult to conceive what each of the parties felt. She repaired several times to the same station, braving both the rain, the wind, and the centinels, still more pitiless than the weather, to obtain a short interview. One day, however, at the instant of her arrival, a mournful spectacle presented itself; a cart, in which were her lover, and several other victims, bound like criminals, setting out for the place of execution. On perceiving this, she darted on the horses, which she endeavoured to stop; and called the populace to her aid, beseeching them to prevent the death of the object of her love. She was seized by the attendants, from whose hands she endeavoured to escape, to embrace the unfortunate wretch they were hurrying to execution. Every effort she could make being ineffectual, she reproached them with their dastardly obedience to the tigers they served, and implored them to allow her to share the fate of him who was above every other earthly consideration dear to her. On their attempting to drag her from the spot, she seized a sabre which one of them held in his hand, and plunged it in her heart. At the sight of her blood, which gushed forth in streams, the populace collected together, and surrounded the soldiers, who stood motionless and appalled. While the lover betrayed the deepest emotions of grief and terror, his unfortunate companions forgot the fate which awaited them, and were entirely absorbed in their reflections on his calamitous situation. In the mean time a party of municipal officers arrived, and ordered the corse to be removed. The cart again set forward to its sanguinary destination; the wretched victims it contained were executed; and the remembrance of the suicide of this magnanimous female was lost in the torrents of blood which were daily shed.

EXTRACT

FROM CARR'S "STRANGER IN FRANCE."

WHILST I was at Paris, an affair happened very near the hotel in which I lodged, which in its sequel displayed that high spirit and sensibility which appear to form the presiding features in the French character, to which may be attributed all the excesses which have stained, and all the glory which has embellished it. A lady of fortune, and her only daughter, an elegant and lovely young woman, resided in the Fauxbourg St. Germain. A young man of merit and accomplishments, but unaided by the powerful pretensions of suitable fortune, cherished a passion for the young lady, to whom he had frequent access, on account of his being distantly related to her. His affection was requited with return; and before the parent suspected the attachment, the lovers were solemnly engaged. The indications of pure love are generally too unguarded to escape the keen, observing eye of a cold, mercenary mother. She charged her daughter with her fondness, and forbade her distracted lover the house. To close up every avenue of hope, she withdrew with her wretched child into Italy, where they remained for two years; at the expiration of which, the mother had arranged for her daughter a match more congenial to her own pride and avarice, with an elderly gentleman, who had considerable fortune and property in the vicinity of Bourdeaux. Every necessary preparation was made for this cruel union, which it was determined should be celebrated in Paris, to which city they returned for that purpose. Two days before the marriage was intended to take place, the young lover, wrought up to frenzy by the intelligence of the approaching nuptials, contrived, by bribing the porter whilst the mother was at the opera with her intended son-in-law, to reach the room of the beloved being from whom he was about to be separated for ever. Emaciated by grief, she presented the mere spectre of what she was when he last left her. As soon as he entered the room he fell senseless at her feet, from which state he was raised by the loud fits of her frightful maniac laughter. She started upon him like one bewildered. He clasped her with one hand, and with the other drew from his pocket a vial containing double distilled laurel water: he pressed it to her lips, until she had swallowed half of its contents; the remainder he drank himself.—The drug of death soon began to operate. Clasped in each other's arms, pale and expiring, they reviewed their hard fate, and, in faint and lessening sentences, implored of the great God of mercy, that he would pardon them for what they had done, and that he would receive their spirits into his regions of eternal repose; that he would be pleased, in his divine goodness, to forgive the misjudging severity which had driven them to despair, and would support the unconscious author of it, under the heavy afflictions which their disastrous deaths would occasion.—They had scarcely finished their prayer, when they heard footsteps approaching the room. Madame R—— who had been indisposed at the opera, returned home before its conclusion, with the intended bridegroom. The young man awoke, as it were, from his deadly drowsiness, and, exerting his last strength, pulled from his breast a dagger, stabbed the expiring being upon whom he doated, to the heart; and, falling upon her body, gave himself several mortal wounds. The door opened; the frantic mother appeared. All the house was in an instant alarmed; and the fatal explanation which furnished the materials of this short and sad recital, was taken from the lips of the dying lover, who had scarcely finished it before he breathed his last.

HUMOROUS.

A new *gallows* was lately set up in Newgate-street (London), the appearance of which are very favourably spoken of; though no person could be prevailed upon to give it a *fair trial*.

Wit without money, and *money without wit*, are so frequent in the world, that a coalition between them has been often endeavoured, for the mutual benefit of both parties; but the negociation has generally been interrupted by *vanity* on the one hand, and destroyed by *self-sufficiency* on the other. Whenever they happen to meet, the balance of power is so evidently in their hands, that the generality of mankind make it a common interest to break their union.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF *MRS. HUNT*,

Who fell a victim to the Yellow Fever during the last Season.

BY A FRIEND.

INSATIATE Death! how vast is thy domain;
What desolating woes oft swell thy train!
Famine, and war, and pestilence, combine,
While, still to point the barbed shaft, is thine!

Yet, ah! kind heaven a soothing solace gives,
Benignly whispering... friends departed live!
Transporting charm...with consolation fraught:
Pale sorrow, by thy cheering accents taught,
Lifts from the tomb its anguish swollen eye,
Stays the sad tear, and checks the murmuring sigh.

Go, then, blest Truth, and, with thy soothing voice,
Go bid AMANDA's mourning friends rejoice:
Say how she bounded from this scene of woe,
To where successive pleasures ever flow.

Then cease to weep, revered parent cease;
Let resignation hush your woes to peace:
Tho' tender friendship drops the briny tear,
And sighing relatives in weeds appear;
Yet time, like gathering mists, will pass away,
And we may meet her in unclouded day.

Still friendship loves her echoing notes to swell,
And memory on the past delights to dwell.
Sweet was her converse, as the breathing spring,
When vernal Nature spreads her flowery wing:
By many a tongue her merit is express'd,
Lov'd and admir'd, applauded and caress'd.

By education to religion train'd,
Her mind its painful weight of ills sustain'd;
And, from the bed of unrelenting death,
Obedient seraphs snatch'd her fleeting breath.
Thus GOD destroyeth but to make alive,
And she in bliss immortal must survive.

EMMELINE.

Intellectual acquirements are only valuable as they promote and recommend religion, virtue, and amiable manners: and, in competition with pure and benevolent affections, knowledge is but conspicuous dishonour.

If marriage be the tomb of *love*, it is because what is too generally called love, has before been the tomb of *reason*. But where inclination is founded on rational principles, it is not so easily overthrown by fruition.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1806.

THE NEW YEAR.—When great distress calls loudly for alleviation; when the industrious poor are necessitated, from natural causes, to experience the want of the comforts of life; when the destructive element of fire, with dreadful devastation, tears from the husband and the parent his little all, the earnings of years of industrious toil, and leaves him with the dear partner of his bosom and the offspring of their mutual love, *dependent* on their fellow-beings; when such events take place, then it is that the hospitality of our citizens is evinced by the noblest munificence.

But, on the occasion of the NEW YEAR, all parties seem to vie who shall entertain their guests with most good cheer, and *little acts* of hospitality. Go into what family you may, you will find every one anxious to furnish you with the customary present on this occasion.

That "honourable stop, not to o'erstep discretion," is generally adhered to; and New-Year's Day passes in generous mirth and high conviviality.

We tender our numerous patrons the compliments of the season.

EUROPE.—By the accounts published in our daily prints, it appears that in several engagements which had taken place between the French and Austrians, the former have been successful.

That prince Ferdinand, of Austria, had been defeated with great loss, and himself narrowly escaped on a horse belonging to a lieutenant of cavalry.

That general Massena had defeated the Austrians under prince Charles, after a most obstinate engagement—taking seven pieces of artillery, and 1500 prisoners. The loss on the part of the French was considerable.

That the army of prince Charles was a second time attacked by the French, who were again victorius, taking 3,500 prisoners, and leaving the field of battle strewed with Austrian slain.

That the captive general, Mack, had obtained leave of the French emperor, and had repaired to Vienna with proposals of peace.

In the eastern ports, during the late gale, the shipping at the wharves, and in the harbours, sustained much injury, particularly at Salem and New-London.

We have, says the Albany Gazette of the 27th ult. about 4 inches of snow on a level here at Albany, but no frost in the ground, and the navigation of our river was yesterday as unimpeded by ice as in July. It is now frozen over, and we have good winter weather.

Sir Sidney Smith, we understand, has given orders for erecting a printing press on board his ship, the Antelope, now lying in Dover Roads. *Lon. paper.*

The celebrated Dr. Goldsmith, in writing to his brother, respecting the education of his son, expresses himself in the following strong terms, which are the more remarkable, as he had himself written a novel.—"Above all things, never let your son touch a *romance* or a *novel*.—These paint beauty in colours more charming than nature, and describes happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness, which never existed; to despise the little good, fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and, in general, take the word of a man who has seen the world, and has studied human nature more by experience than precept; take my word for it, I say, that all such books teach us very little of the world." *D. of.*

Newburyport, Dec. 24.

FIRE.—This morning, about 4 o'clock, this town was alarmed by the cry of fire, which proved to be the Iron Works at Amesbury, which were entirely consumed, together with about three hundred cords of wood. It originated in the nail factory, by accident. The building, con-

sisting of two smiths shops, a grist mill, and the nail factories, are estimated at no less than 80,000 dollars.

Deaths in the city of New York during the last week—of abscess in the lungs 1, casualty (a man killed by a fall from a ship) 1, cold 1, cholic 1, consumption 10, convulsions 1, debility 2, decay 1, dropsy 1, drowned 1, typhus fever 3, hives 2, inflammation of the stomach 1, old age 1, palsy 1, quinsey 1, sprue 1, and 2 still born.—Total 32, viz. 12 men, 9 women, 8 boys, and 3 girls.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. John Abeel, Mr. William Roe, merchant, to Miss Maria Hazard, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, at her father's seat at Flatbush, by the Rev. Mr. Ireland, Mr. John Baker, merchant, to Miss Mary Ann Giles, second daughter of Gen. A. Giles.

At Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, by the Rev. William White, Mr. William J. Duane, eldest son of the editor of the Aurora, to Miss Deborah Bache, sister of the late Benjamin Franklin Bache.

THEATRE.

ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT,
WILL BE PRESENTED,
A celebrated Comedy, called
THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

Penruddock.....Mr. Fennell.
(His second appearance.)

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,
The Musical Entertainment of
THE ROMP;
OR, A CURE FOR THE SPLEEN.

Priscilla Tomboy.....Mrs. Jones.

SAGE & THOMPSON,
BOOK SELLERS & STATIONERS,

No. 149, *Pearl Street,*

Have for sale a diversified assortment of Books in the various branches of Polite Literature; together with a valuable assortment of Stationary.

*** *TICKETS in the present Lottery, for sale as above.*

Nov. 9

W. S. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, Park, to No. 71, Nassau street, where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles, that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance, they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method, also, of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE, his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses; or he may be consulted at No. 71, Nassau street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it: as, by a constant application of it, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at C. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION
TO THOSE WHO ARE SUBJECT TO THE TOOTH ACHE.

BARDWELL'S TOOTH-ACHE DROPS, the only Medecine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list:

Extract of a letter recently received.

"Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain quite ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to ensure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

"ELIZABETH CASEMORE,
"No. 15, Thomas street, New-York."

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Sold, by appointment, at A. MINE's, No 102, Water street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433, Pearl street, and wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co.'s Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery lane.

JOHN JONES,
UMBRELLA AND PARASOL MAKER,
No. 29, *CHATHAM STREET,*
NEW-YORK,

INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand, of his own make, Silk Umbrellas, and Parasols, warranted fast Colours. Likewise Cotton Umbrellas, superior in quality to any for sale in this city.

Coverings and repairings neatly executed.

N B. Oiled Silk Hat-Covers, Combs, and Walking-Sticks, for sale as above.

Nov. 29. tf

N. SMITH,
CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the ROSE; No. 114, opposite the City Hotel, Broadway

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving...with printed directions...6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 9 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.
Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll; double, 2s. do.
His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s. 4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s. 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 92 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

☞ Ladies attended at their own houses as usual.

December 14. tf

COMMUNICATED FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

THE VIRGIN'S FIRST LOVE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

YES—sweet is the joy, when our blushes impart
The youthful affections that glow in the heart;
If prudence, and duty, and reason approve,
The timid delight of the Virgin's first Love.

But if the fond virgin be destined to feel
A passion she must in her bosom conceal,
Lest parents relentless the flame disapprove,
Where's then the delight of the Virgin's first Love?

If stolen the glance by which love is express'd,
If sighs, when half heav'd, be with terror suppress'd,
If whispers of passion suspicion must move,
Where's then the delight of the Virgin's first Love?

Or if, ah! too faithful, with fondness she sighs,
For one who has ceas'd her affections to prize,
Forgetting the vows, by whose magic he strove
To gain the rich treasure—the Virgin's first Love—

If, tempted by interest, he venture to shun
The gentle affections his tenderness won,
Thro' passion's soft maze with another to rove,
Where's then the delight of the Virgin's first Love?

Her eyes, when the tale of his treach'ry she hears,
Now beam with disdain, and now glisten with tears:
Ah! what can the arrow, then rankling remove?
Farewel the delight of the Virgin's first Love.

And see, sad companion of mental distress,
Disease steals upon her in health's flattering dress:
Ah! surely that bloom every fear should remove—
Ah! no—'tis the effect of the Virgin's first Love.

Still higher the colour appears on her cheek;
Her eye boasts a lustre no language can speak:
But vain are the hopes these appearances move;
Fond parent, they spring from the Virgin's first Love.

And soon, while unconscious that fate hovers near,
While Hope's flattering smile on her features appear,
No struggle, no groan, his approaches to prove,
Death ends the fond dream—the Virgin's first Love.

"TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."

THE SLUGGARD'S EXCUSE.

One asking a lazy young fellow what made him lie in bed so long? "I am busied," says he, "in hearing counsel every morning. Industry advises me to get up, Sloth to lie still; and so they give me twenty reasons, *pro* and *con*. It is my part to hear what is said on both sides; and by the time the cause is over, dinner is ready."

THE BLESSING OF INDEPENDENCE.

A sovereign, in a progress through his kingdom, was informed, in one of his capital towns, of a singular fact, "That one of the inhabitants, a man of seventy years old, had never been without the walls." The man was called to the king, and, being poor, obtained a pension; but upon the following provision—that he should forfeit his pension if ever he set foot out of town. But here, even custom could not prevail over love of liberty.—The man did not continue long at ease; his confinement became insupportable, and he lost his pension in six months.

Macklin and Dr. Johnson disputing on a literary subject, Johnson quoted Greek. "I do not understand Greek, said Macklin. "A man who argues should understand every language," replied Johnson. "Very well," said Macklin, and gave him a quotation from *Irish*.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Some years ago the junior Sheridan, who inherits a large portion of the wit and genius of his father, was dining with a party of his father's constituents, at the Swan, in Stafford. Among the company were, of course, a great many shoemakers (I beg their pardon, I mean shoe *manufacturers*). One of the most eminent of them was in the chair, and in the course of the afternoon, he called upon young Sheridan for a sentiment. This call not being immediately attended to, the president, in rather an angry tone, repeated it. Sheridan, who was entertaining his neighbour with a story, appeared displeased at this second interruption, and desiring a bumper might be filled, he gave—"May the manufacture of Stafford be *trampled upon* by all the world." It is needless to say that this sentiment, given with apparent warmth, restored him to the good graces of the president.

DR. JOHNSON AND MRS. SIDDONS.

In spite of the ill founded contempt this great man professed to entertain for actors, he persuaded himself to treat Mrs. Siddons with great politeness, and said, when she called on him at Bolt Court, and Frank, his servant, could not immediately provide her with a chair—"You see, Madam, wherever you go there are no *seats* to be got."

THE DOCTOR AND THE PATIENT.

"Have a good heart," said a physician to a sick countryman, who had been long attended and crammed with drugs by an ignorant apothecary; "what is your disorder?"—"Physic."—"What do you chiefly complain of?"—"The doctor."—"Does your head ache?"—"Yea, with impertinence."—"Have you a pain in your back?"—"Yes, where the blister lies."—"Are you sick at stomach?"—"Yes, with hunger."—"Do you feel any shiverings?" "Always, at the sight of the apothecary." "Do you perceive any load on your bowels?"—"I wish the apothecary's conscience was as clear."—"Are you thirsty?" "Not thirsty enough to drink barley-water."—"Well, my honest friend, since you have already undergone the proper purgatory in due form, and say you have no other disease than the doctor, we will set you on your legs again without further question. Here, nurse, open that window, and throw these phials into the street; now lower the curtain without shutting the casement, that the man may not be stifled. In the next place, take off two thirds of these coals, and one third of these blankets.—How do you feel now?"—I should feel my heart whole, if so be you would throw the nurse after the bottles, and the apothecary after the nurse, and order me a pound of chops for my dinner, for I be so hungry, I could eat a horse." *(Companion.)*

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